HUNDRED FLOWERS

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 3 MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA MAYDAY, 1970

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Notes from the Barnyard

History will determine who is more insane: Red Barn, Inc. or the Dinkytown Occupation. As the fourth week of the Occupation is burnt away, the events become more bizarre. Last week there occurred the confrontation in Judge Leslie Anderson's chambers which was described in last week's "Mobocracy's Day in Court." This week the same scene, though less spectacular and certainly less heartening, was repeated in the courtroom of Judge Rolf Fosseen.

Look, when is the last time you heard of a group of freaks, students and communists taking over some corporation's property, property which runs into the millions of dollars. It was essentially a robbery, a hold-up in the name of some amorphous and probably non-existent community variously described in the Occupation's literature as "our neighborhood," or "Dinkytown" or "Southeast Mpls." These "Communities" exist nowhere but in the collective fantasies of the Occupation forces. Yet we are creating a community where one did not exist before. Like the Red Chinese Army--fashioning a society from a collection of atomized individuals. What has happened? A handful of rag-tag street people have ripped off a piece of corporate property only to find that the authorities, over the vehement protestations of Red Barn, Inc., have partially conceded the legitimacy of their action. Judge Anderson expressed his conviction that we were right, though he ruled otherwise. Judge Fosseen, a strict father-Jehovah figure in his court, allowed open contempt of his person pass with impunity at last Tuesday's hearing on Red Barn's request for a temporary injunction. With little legal justification, he took under advisement a whole series of petitions, affadavits, and proposals from various "community" residents supporting the occupation, and has postponed final judgement on the case un-

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Panthers Railroaded in New Haven

by John Bancroft

NEW HAVEN, Conn. (LNS) -- There were bullet-proof windows, scores of policemen, and more intimidation in the courthouse where the murder trial of the New Haven Black Panthers is scheduled to take place, but no justice was to be found as the pre-trial activities continued last week. On the defense side, pleas were made, motions argued, and actions by the Movement in New Haven stepped up in the fight to see that the New Haven Panthers are freed.

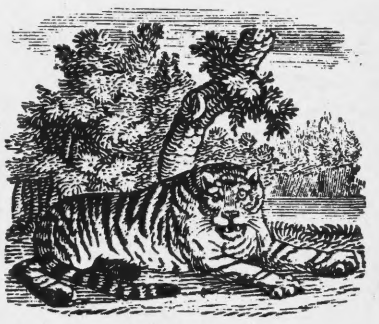
The defendants, including Black Panther Party Chairman Bobby Seale, are charged with kidnapping and murdering Party member Alex Rackley. The Panthers have stated that Rackley was a member in good standing of the Party, and was murdered by George Sams and other police agents.

Two actions took place in court Friday, April 10. Four defendants, Lonnie McLucas, Ericka Huggins, Peggy Hudgins, and Rose Smith, pleaded not guilty to the charges against them. They had not pleaded previously because they had challenged the jurisdiction of the court on several grounds, including the makeup and procedures of the grand jury which indicted them. (The men and women who sat on the Grand Jury which brought the indictments against the Connecticut Panthers, were selected by the Sheriff of New Haven County. Sheriff Slavin has indicated that he keeps no records of who last served on a grand jury, but that he picks people he knows and people that ask to serve.) The four were joined in court by defendant George Edwards. The other four New Haven Panther defendants are Bobby Seale, Francis Carter, and two who are fighting extradition from Colorado: Rory Hithe and Landon Williams.

To prevent them from working on a joint defense they have kept them in solitary isolation cells. (Bobby Seale was kept without a mattress in a cell flooded with sewage; Rose Smith was beaten when she protested Francis Carter's solitary confinement -- when Ricka and Peggy protested Rose's brutal treatment, they too were beaten by guards.) Lonnie McLucas, George Edwards, Francis Carter, Ericka Huggins, Rose Smith, Peggy Hudgins, and now Bobby Seale have all been imprisoned without trial, and they have all undergone immense pressure to save themselves from the shadow of the electric chair by copping pleas and selling out their brothers and sisters.

The person most under pressure at the moment is Lonnie McLucas. McLucas was accused -- by agent Sams -- of having fired one of the shots that killed Rackley. The other person so accused, Warren Kimbro, copped a plea after being pressured to do so by his brother, who is a Florida policeman. This puts even more pressure on McLucas, who is being held alone in a box-like cell. But he has withstood this treatment for the 11 months he has been in jail. Now the prosecution has stepped up the intimidation by moving to try him separately and in advance of the other defendants.

As Afeni Shakur of the Panthers 21 says, "We should FEEL bars that hold our brothers and sisters in jail, we should FEEL the shackles around their wrists and we should FEEL the brutalizations that they've received." The Wobblies used to say "They're in there for us, we're out here for them."



HUNDRED FLOWERS

"LET A HUNDRED FLOWERS BLOSSOM,
LET A HUNDRED SCHOOLS OF THOUGHT CONTEND."

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HONEYWELL

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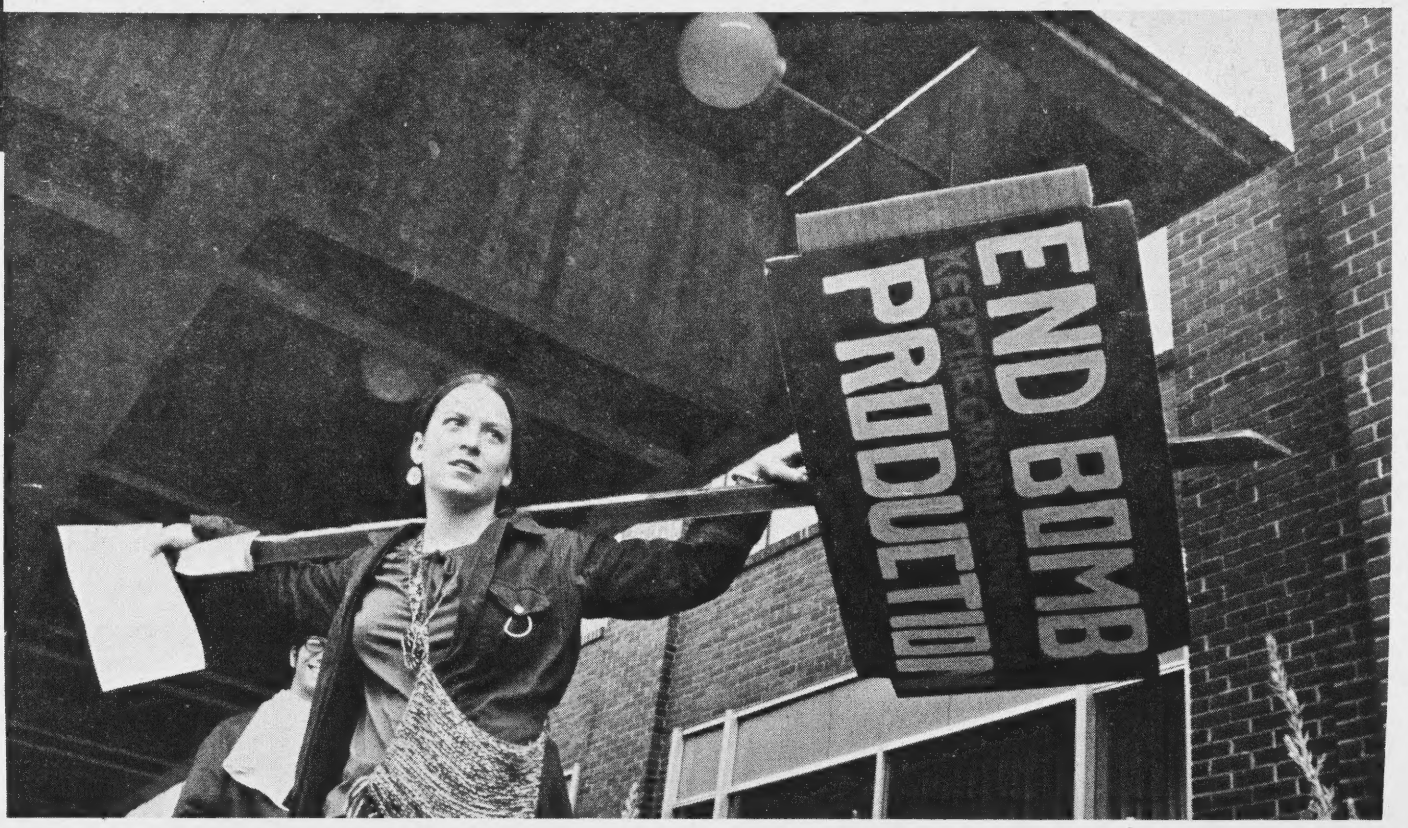


on the street

APRIL 28, Mpls. 2000 people marched from Washburn Park (3rd. Ave. and 24th St.) to the 28th St. plant of Honeywell to protest the production of fragmentation bombs and demand worker and community control of the corporation. The occasion was the annual stockholders' meeting, being held at the plant. The marchers moved out in two groups. The front group (about 800) were those holding proxies and planned to raise pro-people demands inside the meeting. The second group was arranged in subgroups, each representing a country (Greece, India, Vietnam, Brazil, etc.) where peoples' liberation movements are fighting US imperialism and where Honeywell has plants.

The demonstration was planned by the Honeywell Project, a radical group that has been protesting for a year Honeywell's involvement in imperialism and genocide.

Before leaving the park the people listened to speeches, the drift of which was that there is no way under capitalism that we can end pollution, racism, US imperialism. We are part of a world wide movement.

When we got to the factory the group was still split. The proxy group crowded around the door on 4th Avenue. The 'international' groups sat in a circle in the parking lot and started to play UN. 'Delegates' from the various groups were to speak, and then I don't know what, but it didn't come off that way because a lot of people started drifting over to the proxy group where it was happening. An argument started in the discussion-international-bullshit group as to why we weren't taking more militant action. But those who were for militant action had no concrete proposals. More people drifted to the proxy group. This is getting to be a bore.

By 1:30 most proxy holders, and a lot of people who stole name tags and passed themselves off as proxy holders, were inside. (see other story) The press of people around the doors was getting more intense, the people are getting inside! Pow! People come running out chased by mace spraying plant 'protection' men. The glass doors break. The worst casulty is one of these pigs who got maced at close range full in the face, by one of his buddies. We've never smelled that smell before, most of us, but we all know we'll smell it again before this revolution is over.

A lull. People are milling around again. Those who have moved away from the doors move back. The cops! The tac. squad's here! And so they are -- in full costume, long sticks, gas masks, and all. There are 50 to 60 of them along with about 10 persons in military uniform. The cops form a line (very military) across the south end of Honeywell's private street and start coming north. The people start moving north. The cops stop. We stop. The cops put on gas-masks. Marv Davidov tries to organize affinity groups of a hundred or so and get ready for a retreat. No one wants to give up the street before we have to. Some are ready to fight. (Affinity groups are a good idea, but they should have only about 10--15 people in them and they should be organized 'way ahead of time.) That roaring noise is the pepper-gas machine. It makes lots of noise, scares the hell out of you at first, but it doesn't make any gas today. People are wetting down hankerchiefs, looking around for something to wield or throw and someplace to escape to. We're in the street, by God, and we're not leaving just 'cause we're scared. The lead cop raises his riot baton. The cops start north again. But they are forming a file. Now they're counter marching for Chrissake, they're splitting! The tac. squad is splitting.

In a minute or so there were no cops to be seen at all. A little later we learned that at this very minute Honeywell Board Chairman James Binger was adjourning the stockholders' meeting amidst a noisy reaction from people who think Honeywell shouldn't profit from genocide in Vietnam.

hate love

"I hate the ruling class! I Hate the ruling class!"

she screamed,her voice ragged with tension and real, palpable hatred. The woman was speaking at the Honeywell confrontation last Tuesday, and her outburst was in response to a query about love. "shouldn't we love instead of hate?" someone asked her. The clear implication of her response is that the ruling class is not made up of people who deserve to be loved -- in other words, it is not made up of human beings. One did not get the impression that the woman would accept the distinction between a man's self and his deeds; she couldn't love a person and hate his actions at the same time. So, there's no way out of the conclusion that the individuals who comprise the ruling class are the object of her hatred.

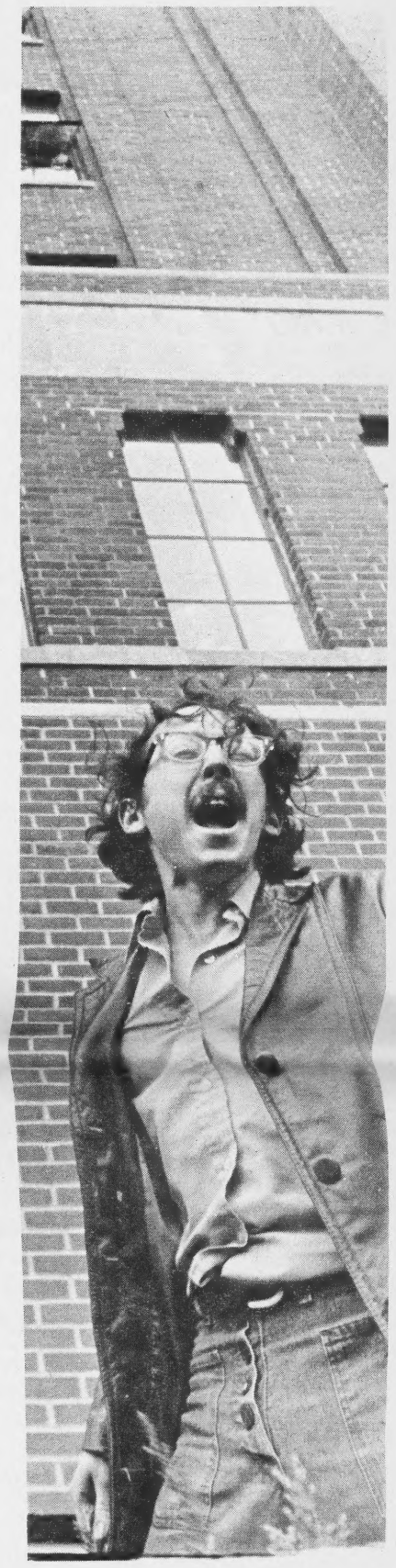
Now, this is a very bad trip,because if you objectify a group of people -- even people who do bad things, like the ruling class -- to the point where you can wish them dead (and that's what hatred means), then you have denied their humanity and you have turned into a brother not of the people, but of the pigs -- of all the Hitlers and Wallaces and Daly's and other skilled haters throughout history. There is nothing new or revolutionary about hatred, for hatred is murderous and murder is no revolution. A revolutionary who allows himself to be ruled by self-righteous hatred is no revolutionary at all, but rather a monster (like Strelnikov in Pasternak's Zhivago) who is no better than the pigs he is killing.

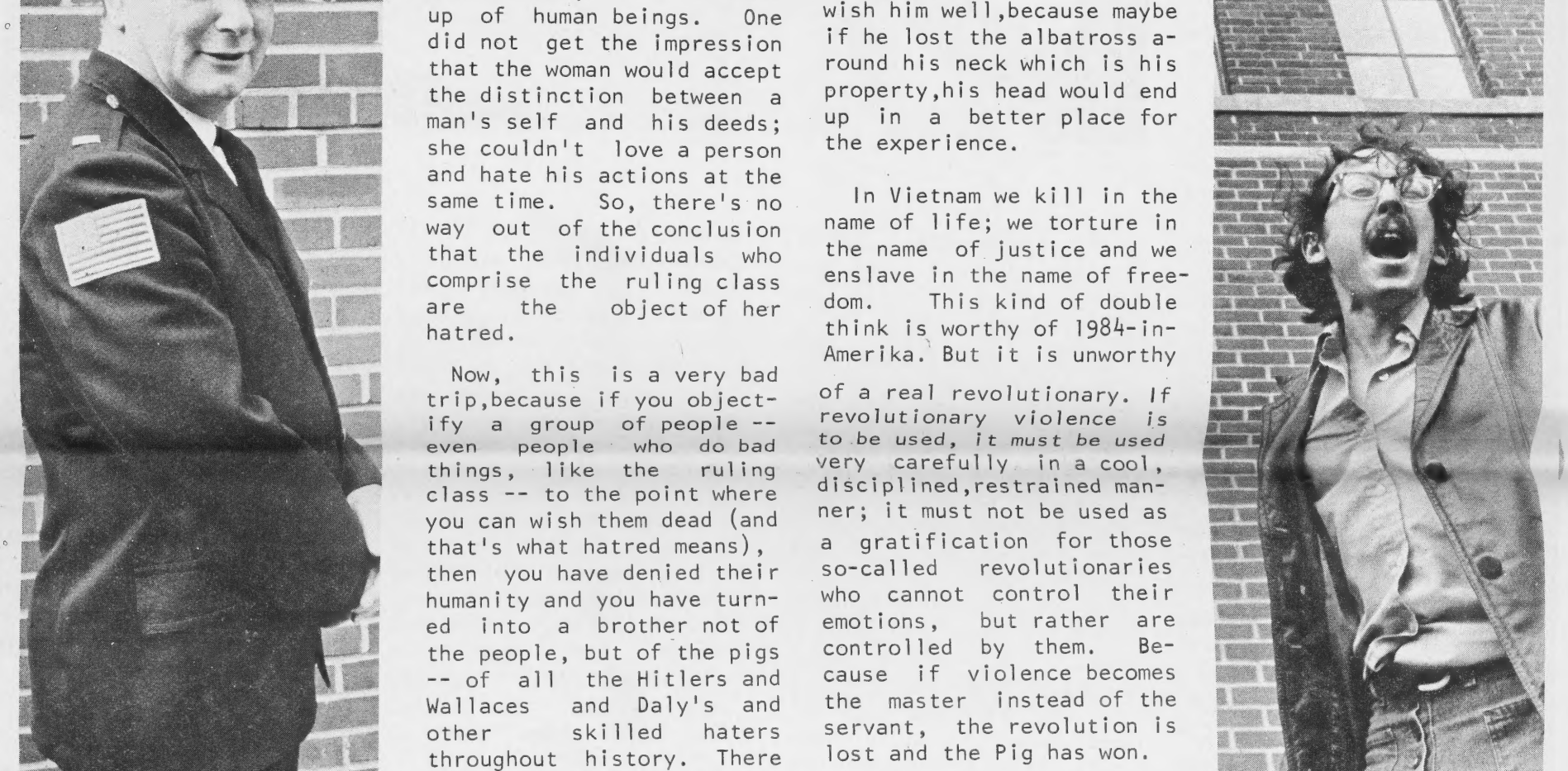
It is possible to oppose an enemy forcefully without at the same time denying his humanity.It is possible to love an oppressor, and still fight the oppression.

We can hate Keating's filthy business without hating him. In fact, we can do all those things and at the same time wish him well,because maybe if he lost the albatross around his neck which is his property,his head would end up in a better place for the experience.

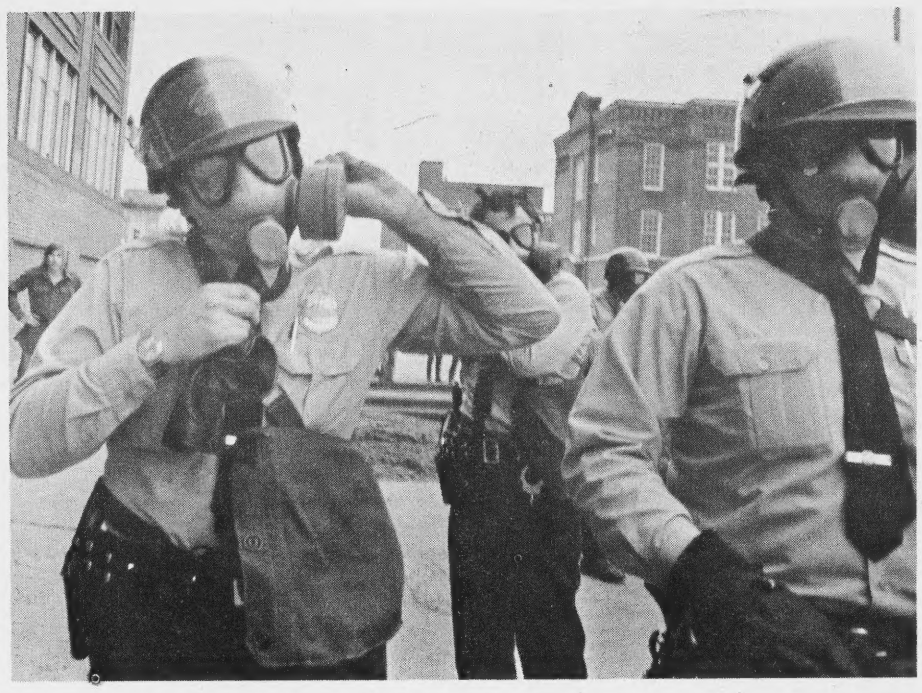
In Vietnam we kill in the name of life; we torture in the name of justice and we enslave in the name of freedom. This kind of double think is worthy of 1984-in-Amerika. But it is unworthy of a real revolutionary. *If revolutionary violence is to be used, it must be used* very carefully in a cool, disciplined,restrained manner; it must not be used as a gratification for those so-called revolutionaries who cannot control their emotions, but rather are controlled by them. Because if violence becomes the master instead of the servant, the revolution is lost and the Pig has won.

"Let me say at the risk of seeming ridiculous that the true revolutionary is guided by feelings of great love." -- Che





Inside The HOG EMPIRE!



The strategy for the stockholders' meeting was to get as many people in as possible, mainly straight, to raise the three demands: end war production, re-convert with no job loss and turn power over to workers and community.

In preparation, a group of faculty and clergy purchased shares of Honeywell stock, Charles Pillsbury rounded up a few shareholders, including Mark Dayton, eldest son of Honeywell director Bruce Dayton and teacher on NY's lower east side, and a few other shareholders, gave us their proxies to use as we wished. Three representatives were elected to speak for the University's 2000 Honeywell shares. At Macalester, students promised the school's Honeywell stock in January, sat in the administration building and camped in the student union when the Mac Board reneged.

Then there were legal hassles. Honeywell refused to move the meeting to seat everyone and Honeywell Chairman James Binger arbitrarily decided to limit those coming in on proxies to 3 per block of shares. This meand that a block of 800 shares we hoped would provide intrance to several ide intrance to several hundred people could only serve 3. The proxy form Honeywell sent out to shareholders had no place for voting against Management's slate of directors. And, if you simply destroyed your proxy, that was considered a vote "for". Minnesota Proxies for People went to court seeking a restraining order against the meeting on these grounds, but the order was denied.

The stockholders' protest began with a picket at 9AM. At 10 am, U. Professors Paula Geise and John Buttrick entered Honeywell demanding to be shown the entire shareholders' list.

It looked as if only about 65 of our sympathizers would get in.

We wondered what would happen to the 900 legitimate proxy holders turned away from the meeting and could we present our arguments without alienating other shareholders or getting co-opted?

We scheduled a Peoples Proxy Meeting soutside. And understanding that our behavior depended on Binger's willingness to let us speak we designed an "internal agenda", the completion of which we would define as "success." Our remarks would be dispersed throughout the meeting, and we would insist that the completion of Honeywell's agenda must be paralleled by the completion of ours. We planned to end our participation at 4 pm by convening a war crimes tribunal inside the meeting.

Honeywell wanted to put on its VP's with reports on the peaceful, useful things Honeywell does. An hour before the meeting, Binger issued a release claiming, contrary to fact and admissions he has made, that fragmentation bombs are used only against "conventional targets. He also said the war was "inhumane," but that it was "practical" for Honeywell to produce bombs for it. Anyway, he said, such problems were "political" and beyond his province.

Things didn't happen the way folks figured. First off, proxy holders didn't take kindly to being turned away and guards were forced to admit many more people then anticipated. Then someone simply stole a bunch of meeting tags and handed them out. This meant instead of a small minority, we were the vast majority at the meeting, probably over the 400 of the 450 or so in attendance.

We went up under heavy guard to the third floor meeting room from which we could see outside demonstrators through sound-proof windows. It was like watching an old newsreel. We had lemonade, coffee and cookies before the shit hit the fan.

Just as the police began running from the hiding place in the public school, Binger entered the room and convened the meeting. It was incredible. Virtually everyone was a "demonstrator." He told us we could speak only after they had completed the business of the meeting.

Someone yelled that beatings were starting outside and we stopped the meeting to verify. A motion was made, seconded and passed that all police move off our property. Binger was stone-faced. The police were ordered off although by whom is not clear.

Binger announced he had 87% of the shares so the meeting didn't matter anyway. Someone asked him what rules we were following and he replied, "The Chairman's rules and I am the Chairman." The audience saluted Binger with straight arms and began shouting "Seig Heil." The meeting became guerilla theatre.

Binger started to adjourn. Charles Pillsbury, Mark Dayton and Paula Geise were on the floor making dramatic speeches, Ken Tilson went to the front and assumed the role of chair. Atrocity photos appeared everywhere, blood was poured on the Chairman's dias while Binger mumbled "adjourned" and disappeared out a side exit.

The largest Honeywell stockholder meeting had also been its shortest. For the first time in history a shareholders meeting had been brought to an end by a majority of stockholders' protesting Management.

The group talked for awhile about the pros and cons of staying despite adjournment and then decided to join the protestors in the street.

The stockholders meeting as an American institution wherein small shareholders are convinced that they have a voice in corporate America is at an end. And, Honeywell Inc. will never again hold a stockholders' meeting in Minneapolis.

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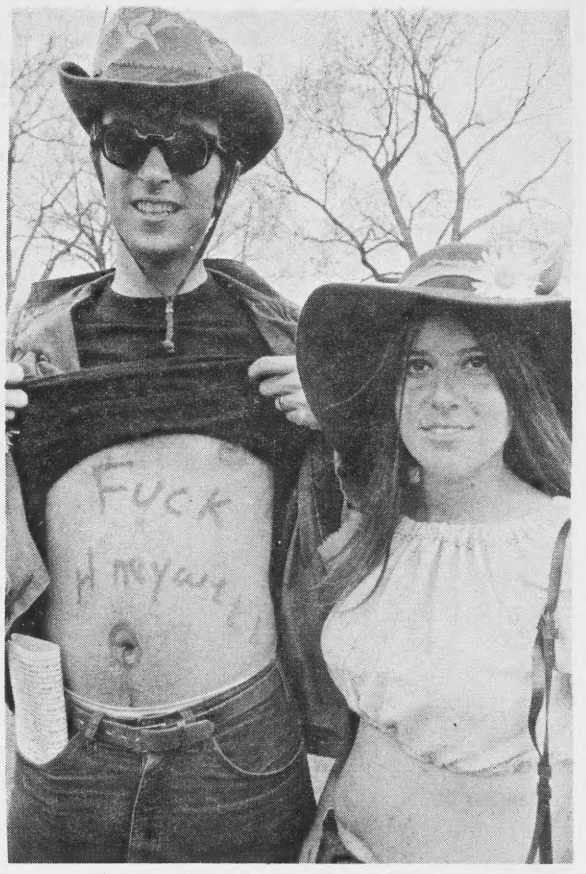


HONEYWELL-WHAT NEXT?

Was the Honeywell demonstration on April 28th a success?

CBS said "Victory in the streets, defeat inside." Message: you can win on the streets. Fantastic.

Variety, yippie, hippie, heavy, provacateur and straight.

The response of Honeywell's employees seemed good. They cheered the cops retreat. They gave the V sign. They stopped work and listened to the speeches.

The shareholders meeting was ours.

The domonstration was large and it held the street. There was little injury on our side.

The message was revolutionary.

But the demonstration was boring in parts.

The proxy meeting of the people didn't come off.

People didn't relate to the idea of contingents representing oppressed peoples.

Many felt militancy was contained.

Many others felt breaking the windows was stupid and detracted from the demands.

George Rice called us "communists." Uncle George is a Yippie.

Many who had worked hardest on the demonstration felt "let down."

Jerry Rubin didn't stick around.

The marshalls couldn't discipline the crowd.

The leadership was male chauvinist.

We didn't know what to do once we held the street.

The objectives of the demonstration were not clear.

Is revolution therapy or is therapy revolution? Is strong leadership elitist or is it necessary? Will people do it again? What next? How do we stop Corporate Motherfucker Honeywell from screwing its workers, the community and the Vietnamese?

And, where do we go from here?

I. Demonstrations against the directors, shop-ins at Dayton's, boycotts of Honeywell goods, moves against Northwest Airlines?

II. Pushing the reconversion plans harder. Taking them to the State Legislature, building coalitions with other groups fighting other corporations, ecologists fighting NSP, tax-payers up North fighting Minnesota Mining, etc.

III. Pushing the candidates. Showing up at the State Convention and making the candidates and parties take positions against corporate America, against war-maker Honeywell.

IV. Working with the Union. Helping the workers when they go on strike, starting day-care centers for women employees, free schools for Honeywell workers' kids, selling underground papers at Honeywell. Getting the truth out.

V. Education. Getting into the community to explain the demands and telling the real story of what went on on April 28th.

VI. *Preparing for disruption only when we want it. Training a corps* of marshalls, designing creative strategy. Getting to the homes, clubs, churches, speeches and meetings of all Honeywell directors. Putting the heat on.

VII. Working to show the police that the men who run Honeywell are their enemies.

VIII. Coordinating anti-corporate actions nationwide, worldwide.

IX. Guerrilla theatre demonstrations all over the city against Honeywell's directors. Painting walls, etc. Using imagination.

X. Stopping the shipment of fragmentation bombs. But not alienating rank and file workers.

XI. Working with other groups around anti-corporate politics. Working with blacks and Indians to make He
Honeywell's training program for real. Get out of South Africa. Doing our thing with the welfare rights group. Helping to put tax pressure on Honeywell's directors, changing the tax laws to eliminate the discriminatory property tax and place a high tax on Honeywell's profits which cannot be pushed off on the consumer.

XII. Forcing Honeywell to produce the things we need.

XIII. Organizing. Organizing. Starting fights at every college in the state for voting rights to portfolios. Getting the churches committed to the struggle.

The success of the demonstration on April 28th is the future. The fight against Honeywell is just beginning. Corporate Motherfucker was up against the wall on April 28th. But he is not yet beaten. He can be beaten.

YOUBETCHERASS.

Evan Stark

EHRLICH ON ECOLOGY

On the evening of April 23 Dr. Paul Ehrlich, noted ecologist and controversial author of *The Population Bomb* spoke to an overflow audience (between six and eight thousand) at the University of Minnesota's Northrop Auditorium. Ehrlich is one of the people, along with Rachel Carson, Barry Commoner and some others who started the recent wave of concern over the quality of our environment. His major thrust used to be that over-population is at the root of the environmental problem. That was in 1968. His position seems to have broadened and been modified significantly in the last two years.

Ehrlich's speaking style is almost overpowering, yet informal and delightfully sarcastic and witty. One gets the feeling after listening for a while that Ehrlich is a tamed cynic, a pessimist who wishes that he weren't. It is this combination plus the many facts that he produces off the cuff during his delivery that gives his speeches a ring of sincerity. And he is sincere, or if he isn't the ecology movement is in deep trouble.

It is probably his style, more than anything, that makes him so popular and, in turn, has helped in no small manner to launch the present ecology movement. Ehrlich has content too, although he is the first to admit that his warnings are only modern echos of other people who first spoke out as long as twenty years ago.

After giving a brief history of world population growth from prehistoric times to the present, Ehrlich stated that the earth now contains between three and seven times as many people as can be supported in the style that most Americans consider to be normal. He quickly added, however, that ours is a "fast and prolifigate life" which is "burning up natural resources."

One-half of the people of the world are either starving or are so malnourished that they can easily fall prey to disease. Herein lies one of the most frightening aspects of a weak and overcrowded humanity (including the over-developed world). An epidemic caused by a resistant virus could become a worldwide plauge that could kill most of us. For this, and other reasons equally urgent, Ehrlich considers that we have a crisis on our hands. The population of the earth will be stabilized, but will it come about *through a change in prioities or world-wide plague, famine, and/or war?*

The ecologist recognized that the world's food resources are in a slight surplus not because the hungry are being at last fed, but because the demand for food is a monetary thing. That is to say, if the starving could afford to buy food there would be a food deficit under the present system. Such surpluses that there are, moreover, are not of protein-rich foods, but such things as wheat and rice which provide mainly calories not nutrition.

The real reason that population stabilization is urgently necessary is not because the world's population is so immense that it can't be fed, but because the population is growing at an accelerating rate. The doubling time of the earth's population is about 45 years -- in 45 years, if present trends continue, there will be twice as many people on the planet than there are now. By then, the doubling time will have shrunk. Even if family size were reduced to two children overnight there would be a lag time of 30 to 50 years before the population would stabilize. This is because grandparents are usually still alive when their grandchildren are born.

Ehrlich sees another aspect of the population crisis. It is the destruction of the earth's ecosystems. Population growth in overdeveloped countries like America is much more damaging than over population in the third world. The reason for this is that we are 15 percent of the earth's people, but we (or, more correctly, our industrial systems) consume over one-half of the earth's resources. (At this point Ehrlich fails to go farther and remind us that most Americans don't profit from this situation, but only a handfull of wealthy industrialists.) Not only does this "robbery" (Ehrlich's term) cause the poverty in the third world, but the wasteful manner in which these resources are consumed causes air and water pollution. This pollution is not confined within our borders, but spreads all over the planet. Air pollution can and probably will cause the planet to cool off thereby lowering agricultural production even farther.

Ehrlich is slowly, slowly taking off his liberal blinders. He implicitly recognizes that U.S. capitalism and imperialism is to blame for the destruction and starvation both at home and abroad. He refered to "our cowboy economy" that "keeps us in Vietnam." This is far deeper than the liberal 'doves' have gone.

Ehrlich also endorsed communism, and in some ways has a more concrete idea of post-refolutionary society than many of the great Marxists. He would, I'm sure, be horrified at this statement, but it's clear enough from his words: "....we are all passengers on the same small spaceship" so we had better learn to share with one another. The people must "take the political system back" into their own hands. He implies that the means of production should be controlled democratically.

How does Ehrlich think this should be accomplished? By electing liberal politicians! Not only is Ehrlich still in this bag, but so are most of the other big names (Commoner, Nader, Nelson) in the ecology movement. How can these people be so naive? How can they be so blind to liberal failures and downright sellouts?

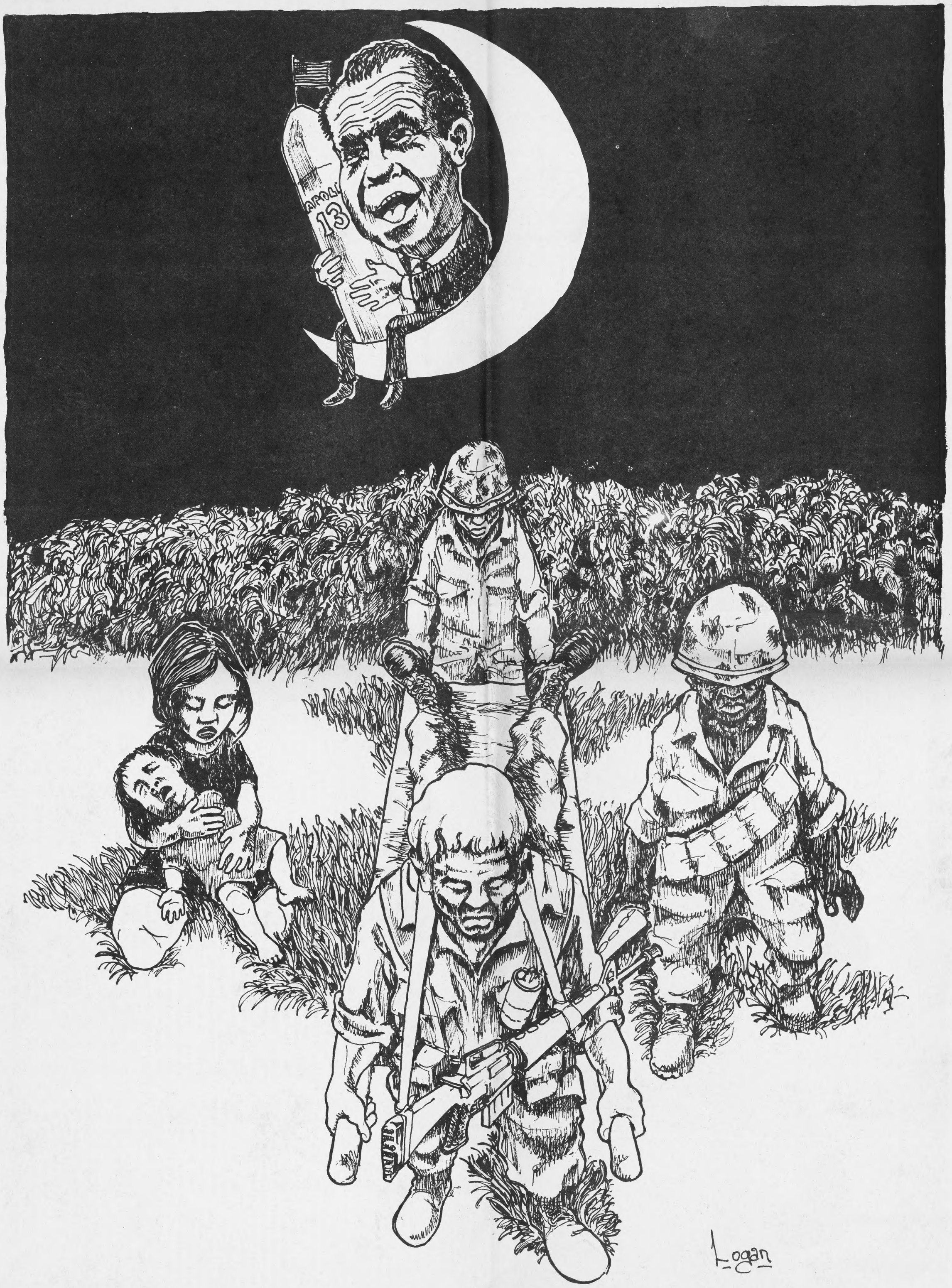
The answer is in the major thrust of official American political education over the past 40 years, the perpetuation of the big lie that makes all of the other lies possible: branding all Marxism as totalitarianism. Anyone who speaks for an economy of sharing is automatically considered part of an unholy conspiracy to clamp total dictatorship upon the people. A little reading of Lenin, Mao or Trotsky could put our minds at ease, but these materials are shunned as if the very mention of their authors' names might infect one with some fatal disease. The ruling class doesn't have to censor literature, we censor it ourselves. When we see the effects of pollution caused by technology-for-profit, we see the cost of believing this lie.

When we witness people like Ehrlich presenting a holistic, rational presentation (far more enlightened than that of the politicians) and then come out with some New Deal bullshit about electoral politics or appealing to responsible persons in industry, we see how paralyzed Americans have become. We must break this paralysis with the truth.

We must bring this system down. If the constitution were impartially enforced this could happen through electoral politics. But, we know when we see the Chicago 8, the Panther 21, the "No Knock Law", etc. that the constitution will only be enforced after the people seize power.

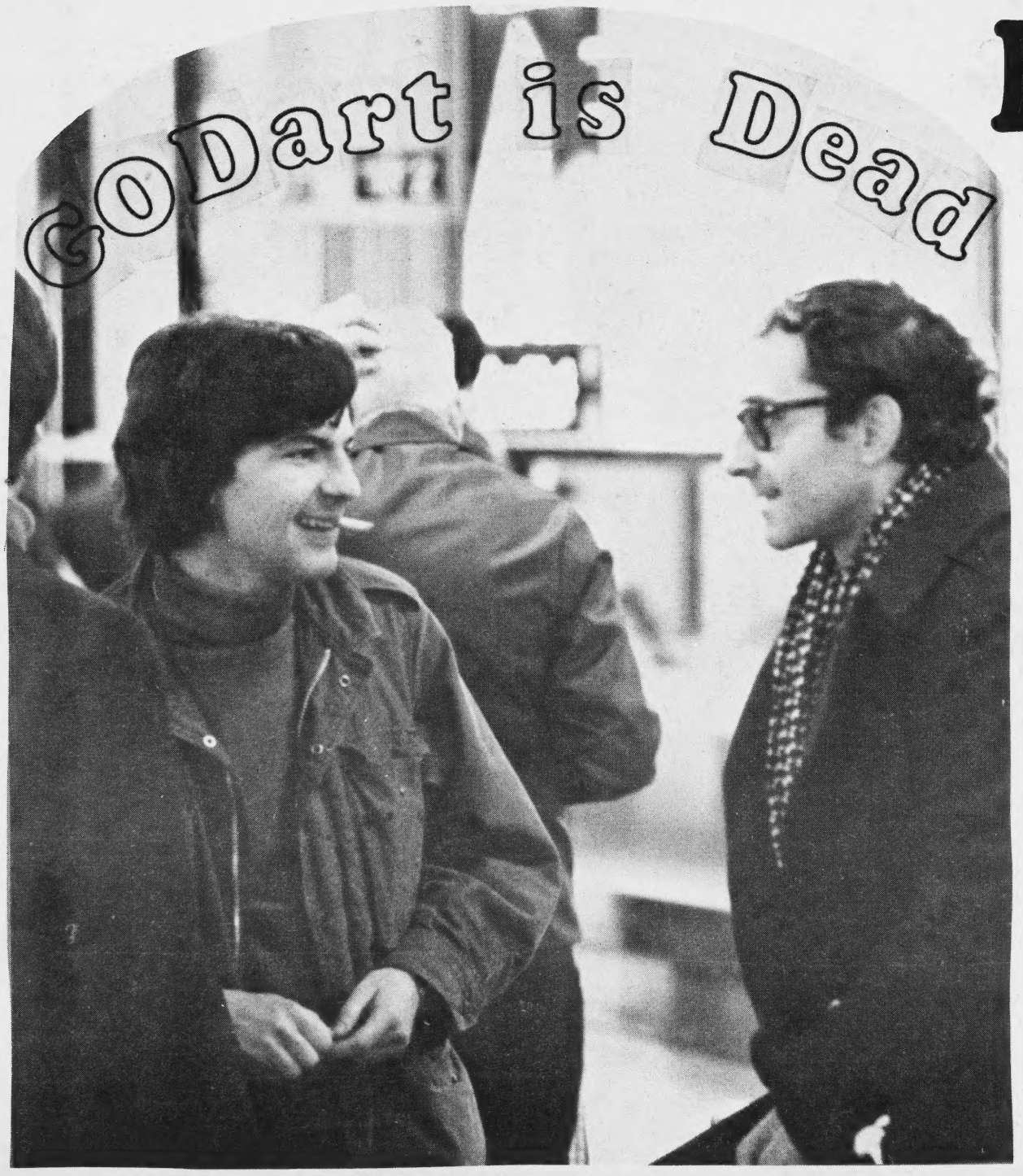
But Ehrlich and the others are not reactionaries; neither are they apologists for capitalism, university administrators, nor business men. Gone, and hopefully banished forever, are Ehrlich's old proposals of "coercing" the third world into doing it our way and his ideas about dumping contraceptives into the water supply. He is perhaps, starting to view third world inhabitants as people who have been monumentally screwed. He seems to have taken left criticism to heart. In his speech he put in some very humane words about racial minorities and women.

The ecology movement's leaders really want basic changes; however blindly they grope, they aren't running a shuck. Ehrlich said that in the present crisis, "there's no time for a revolution". Two years ago that word was not even in his vocabulary. After a short romance with the liberals he may change his tune. Radicals must prepare the ground for that day by bringing leftist education to broad layers of the public and by joining the eco-activists and pointing out that the real enemy is not "humanity" or "us" but the capitalist system with its profit-over-people ethics.



Logan

Godart is Dead



British

Jean-Luc Godard is a film director who has dared to change, in full public view. Before our eyes he has changed from a cultivated, disengaged bourgeois artist with a strong personel style into a committed revolutionary who disowns the concept of art as irrelevant and who gropes toward a new, revolutionary film. He hasn't made it yet -- but each film is a metamorphosis.

It's most provoking, the way he contrives to elude our grasp. Not only does he disavow each successive film --- deformed babies, left to die of exposure---- but he has lately hidden himself from view within a film-making collective.

The last Godard movie, or the first group movie, to be seen here was shown under the title See You at Mao. Godard and a co-worker from the film group appeared with it and were careful to explain that its real title is British Sounds, a definitely parochial reference and perhaps a key to the film's intention.
Godard and his colleague

A DAY

9:30 a.m.--Two weeks preparation,and still Bill, Al and I are ten minutes late for Godard's plane. One "j" of Red and we were lucky we didn't take the luggage to the University and forget Godard!

Al Milgrom, president of the U Film Society (who sponsored the visit) introduced Kent Carroll(Evergreen Review writer), and Frank Moreno of Grove Press. Finally, Jean Luc,himself, and his co-director and cameraman, Jean Pierre Giren.

Al subtly informed Godard that he was some sort of a"cultural hero" in ecology circles because of the 20 minute accident scene in "Weekend", and that he was tenatively scheduled to speak at Earth Day in twenty minutes.

"But I am in favor of pollution," he deadpanned, "I am glad America is polluting itself." He continued with the first of many, concrete, ideological justifications on positions he backed.

10:40--Over a beer at the West Bank's Five Corners bar, Godard explained that the primary purpose of the premiere tour was money. He also emphasized that he wasn't as interested in answering questions about his work ("I made the films"), as finding"concrete facts" by asking young people what is happening in America. "Why aren't students working in the black ghettos? What is your political situation, what is your function?"

Jean Pierre said that their "Official statement on 'Zabrinske Point' is that we could make films for years for what it costs, and we wonder how many people could have been fed with the money. It's a Hollywood movie, terrible".

12:45--Jean Pierre headed for Dinkytown to talk and to view the liberated Red Barn property. (Wasn't that something that some people used to own?"). A quick trip across the street for an afternoon of REDlaxing and rapping about film and revolution.

The first thing they do is ask you for two dollars to be in that dream, and then they tell you that the dream is more real than the real.

At the end of the trick, the whole imperalist idea of the real is said to be the real itself. There is something really strange about this process. That is the Hollywood aesthetic," he continued.

"Take a Hollywood movie, they say, 'this is a dream, it's marvelous'.

"Take a film made in Cuba and in Algeria, they are more progressive than the Russians want to admit. Those people are really thinking that the sound and the image are linked, they don't ask how or why. They think that they can change the sound, and that by changing the sound the image will change".

He explained that most films have thousands of images but only one sound,the imperalist sound, Language itself is a prison erected by the ruling class, a revolutionary aesthetic, he articulated,limits the image and breaks down the imperialist sound. By altering sound the same image will appear differently.

"The bourgeoisie created a world it its own image". -Marx. "Comrades, we must begin to destroy that image!" -Godard.

2:37--Critics preview of "See You At Mao" starts 37 minutes late.

The film,originally titled"British Sounds:, "is a failure" according to Giren. This was particularly true in the showing here, do to the fact that it was made for British workers, not American students. (Godard: "Every political situation is different, relative".).

3:35--The Godard press conference was uneventful with a couple of notable exceptions. Establishment critics, Morrison and Jones, were absent, as usual. Their apathy or ignorance, or both,may be the reason for the lack of coverage on underground culture. This, plus establishment tactics of perpetuating America's dehumanized consciousness by domination and suppression.

GODARD: "There is no way a bourgeois newspaperman can talk to a revolutionary film director."
Establishment critic,Gerald A. JOSS: "But if I were a film maker I'd be more interested with the quality of the film. . .

GODARD: "No, because we have nothing to discuss afterwards. I told you,I'm not interested in your feelings. . .there is no such thing as art.

JOSS: "There are other films that are not political. Topaz,Hitchcock's latest film.

GIREN: "It's quite political, but in a quite reactionary way.

JOSS: "Does that make it a bad film?"

GODARD: "Yes".

JOSS: "Many people don't think so".

GODARD: "Many people are reactionaries".

Sounds

also at pains to expl- their conception of the ty of their work. They their films blackb-s, diagrammatic demons-ions that may be "use- in other contexts. So are out of analysis even of agit-prop, and lessons. This is a v- reductive conception of work, even revolution- film work. Or could it the richest yet?

tish Sounds is short. in color, soft monoch- atic color which really es us color only when it ashes red at us. So far good. The film opens h the image of a Union k. A fist crashes thro- it, exposing it as pap-

e first sequence is in automobile factory. One Godard's slow, circular s reveals the brown gir- s of the factory struc- es; slowly the beige- -dun workers perform ir spasmodic tasks; s- ly the end-product is r- aled, a blood-red shiny- car. Accompaning the ctory images we hear loud dustrial noise, hooting, anging, hissing of large mplicated metal objects. asculine voice is occas- ally heard through, with

's clear that the audie- e for this film is not American one --- not American students, or the American Movement, whatever that is, nor American foreign film freaks. Godard has said elsewhere that he doesn't know enough about the American scene to make a film of it, or for it. But does that have to mean that we're shut out completely from his work?

The next sequence shows us a flight of stairs in a pretty bourgeois house: an upstairs landing with two doors leading off it. A naked young woman with a lovely body walks out of one door, into the other, out again, down the stairs, up the stairs, into the first door, out again, into the second. The camera doesn't move. On the sound track a feminine voice is reading what sounds like the Redstocking manifesto. Other sounds come over and through it--factory noise, a man catechizing a child. The catechism seems to be a history of British Socialism.

The sound really fucks over our ears. It's experimental, a denial of the "Imperialist" sound track that gives only the selected synchronous sound which we are meant to take as the "real" auditory event accompanying the image. Godard's triple track is a lie too, of course, but it's a lie that opens our heads a bit more.

After the staircase, more assembly line, agonizingly slow. Then a long close-up of a woman's (same woman's?) lower torso, crotch, and thighs. We come to know this slice of body well. We reflect on the womb of time. But there's a limit to our ability to see this belly, hips, navel, pubic hair, elegant appendectomy scar, bikini suntan. We stare at it so long that it ceases to be what it is; like a word repeated into unmeaning, it gently slips its moorings in the world of ordinary signification (where a uterus is a uterus and a cunt is after all just a cunt) and floats into surrealism.

The next sequence is even more surreal: a toothy youth with an upper-class accent delivering a speech of outrageous jingoism, in grainy, underexposed black-and-white, like a 30's newsreel. Intercut with this is ordinary soft dull color film of what seems to be a worker's Marxist study group, everyone seated, same drawn-out circling pans as in the factory. On the sound track, painfully deliberate analysis of work, conditions, exploitation; these alternate: the right-wing speech builds to a climax, the study group does not.

Then the penultimate sequence, a group of striking students, mostly pretty women, setting their own words to some Beatles songs. This is where the distributor's title comes from--they're turning the verbal pattern of "You Say Goodbye and I Say Hello" around, to things like "See you then, see you now . . . see you (at) Mao." They write their songs, play a guitar, smoke furiously, joke; lying on the floor amid pots of paint is a People's Poster Brigade, cranking 'em out. individual students give their raps.

For the first time we see brightness, freedom, youth, silky hair and trendy clothes. We're very grateful. But then we're ripped away from these students and given a bloody arm, sprawled on a black-and-white ground. It's as red and shiny as the car. The ground looks like earth, mixed with snow--or is it that spongy stuff florists use? The arm writhes, horribly, then begins a painful crawl toward the left of the screen. The fingers of the hand cup, meeting the thumb; on the fleshy part between thumb and forefinger is a round spot of blood.

The bloody hand is suddenly a toy, a hand puppet, a playful snake mocked up to amuse a child, slithering very snakily over the black-and-white ground. That little snake really grabs us; we love him, and we want him to get where he's going.

Meanwhile the soundtrack serenades us with the "Internationale," songs from the

see page 14

IN THE LIFE ...

JOSS: "No more Art? You've changed. There is a new Godard."

GODARD: "You are a neurotic!"

5:30--Marv Davidov and Diana Johnstone joined us for supper at Mama Rosa's. Jean Pierre clowns with waitresses and diners, puts napkins in his nose and ears. Godard quietly muses, muttering low witticisms. He said he wants to get back to write for awhile.

8:35--Coffman ballroom is packed with 1500 people. There is not even standing room left. Janitors have to take Godard and Giren through a darkened gallery just to get to the stage because it's so packed.

A Black Militant, and a Women's Liberation advocate, a worker, and a student questioned and attacked Godard on the individual scenes that interested them.

Jean Luc and Jean Pierre skillfully handled questions, some for the fifth and sixth time that day, others for the first time on the American tour. "Rolling Stone" was there recording for a featured interview.

Godard seems to have mellowed a great deal in the fifteen years of film making. At times he sounded like a recent religious (Mao) convert. He repeatedly apologized for his past individualism, and repeatedly stressed his belief in collective film making. He currently belongs to Dziga-Vertov, a Paris film collective.

He repudiated all twenty-nine features that have been released through "Mao", because he was working with feelings **and merely thinking** that he was revolutionary and progressive. "I am just learning to be progressive and revolutionary."

Godard quotes Brecht: "We are not interested in how things truly are; we are interested in how truly things are."

9:45--Jean Pierre and Jean Luc agree to attent a reception upstairs in the faculty lounge for 10 minutes, they stay for 45 -- talking to young filmmakers, old revolutionaries, middle-age-mini-skirters, etc.

The normal residents were there, University vice-presidents; assorted academic mafia-types; ruling class intellectuals; and Depot-styled, suburban avant-guardists. But West Bank and Dinkytown freaks invaded to swill sherry and smoke "j's", RIGHT ON!

"The road to revolution is a long weary road," Godard is tired and wants to be let off in his room. Jean Pierre: "Groovy, I am the young one, get it on!" We hit the Triangle some scotch, the sound of funky blues with Maurice on the flute, and a cat with a harmonica and a guitar, keeps Jean Pierre going for two hours.

He was still going at a house party at four o'clock, reminded of a 7:30 wake-up, he reluctantly retired. He was deeply appreciative of American hospitality and dope ("sometimes Paris goes six months without dope," he related).

7:30 a.m.--The wear of days on the road was beginning to show. Giren and Godard showed a stubble, smattered eyes, both looked tired. This condition was corrected on the way to the airport.

9:15--Everyone had a large breakfast at the airport. Good-byes and addresses were exchanged, a friend's address where they could retreat during the upcoming three-day stay in Berkeley. They're in the air, their heads? The only place to be when you fly to San Francisco.

by Monte Bute

Last August 12th and 13th Plymouth Avenue in North Minneapolis was cleared by the police of persons holding a People's Forum in front of two small grocery stores. The police said the people were attempting to destroy the two stores, which had been the objects of pickets and a boycott for two weeks prior to that date.

On the second night six persons were arrested as the people were attempting to clear the streets on order of the police and get into the Way Center. Later warrants were issued for the arrests of three more people, among them Matthew Eubanks, leader of the People's Forum and organizer of the actions agains the two stores.

After standing trial, eight of the nine were acquitted, one was found guilty and given a 30-day suspended sentence. Judge Neil Riley condemned the mishandling of the affair by the police.

"It does not matter if we are found innocent or not. The fact that they could just come out and arrest us and put us on trial the way they did is an indication of the powerlessness of the black community in this country. I feel as if the last nail has been driven in. There is no turning back from this struggle for me now."

MATTHEW EUBANKS
NEW PEOPLE'S UNION

SHORTLY AFTER the arrests Eubanks resigned his position as director of the Citizen's Community Center to begin organizing the People's Cooperative Union, a black economic and political development project, whose first phase of action was the People's Grocery Store in North Minneapolis, two blocks from the stores that had been the site of the August fracas.

The store experienced difficulties from the first hour of its existence. Eubanks had a verbal contract with the Minneapolis Housing and Redevelopment Authority in his effort to lease an old supermarket on the corner of Logan and and Plymouth. He estimates now that remodeling expenses on that building would have cost approximately $500.00, at which point they could have moved a grocery stock into the store and began operation. Immediately upon hearing that MHRA staff had concluded the agreement, Stenvig and Munitions Baron Charles Horn (Chairman of the Boards of MHRA and Federal Cartridge Corp.) ordered the agreement rescinded. Eubanks then moved the site of the proposed People's Store to the old Poor People's Campaign Headquarters on which he already held a lease.

Becky Finch

"At certain times in the revolutionary struggle, the difficulties outweigh the favorable conditions... But through their efforts, the revolutionaries can overcome the difficulties step by step and open up a favorable new situation, thus a difficult situation yields place to a favorable one."
Chairman Mao

Crews of workers from the PCU began tearing the building to a shell in October. Other workers in the Cooperative were out raising the money , an estimated $60,000. It is a mistake to believe that raising the money was simply a process of going out and presenting a meritorious idea to all the right-thinking whites and asking for money on that basis. A lot of sick shit happens when whites give money to blacks (or to any oppressed peoples for that matter). Some expect to be vindicated for their contribution of a few measly bucks, with no real sacrifice of their materialistic lives. Some were looking for their vicaries, the only real excitement in their jaded lives being the process of rubbing shoulders with revolutionary personalities. And some wanted to peer at the black man's navel, and spent time in the office discussing the anomalies and eccentricities of the black community. There were few white men or women in those months who did not attempt to extract his or her piece of ass from the project workers, whether in the form of a demand for personal attention upon their entrance to the office, compliments on their revolutionary or moral virtue, the workers' attendance at "Take a Nigger to Dinner Affairs," or a sympathetic ear for their own sufferings upon taking up the cross of the crusade for black equality. The project workers, particularly those workers raising the money, were forced to play the game, seeing just how far they could go, how much bread they could extract, before they either gave up that piece of ass, or had to move off without having got what they were after. No one can imagine in those months the incredible black humour that developed around their relationships with whites. And no one can imagine either the number of times they walked away from meetings with whites feeling dirty because of the necessity of manipulating and being nice to those that they knew were the enemy. It was, during that phase of the project, all sweat blood and tears, with little or no relaxation or satisfaction with the work that was being accomplished.

"We must thoroughly clear away all ideas among our cadres of winning easy victories through good luck, without hard and bitter struggle, without sweat and blood."
Chairman Mao

Increasingly, black people all across the country, whether militants or not, were undergoing stepped up repression. Fred Hampton and Mark Clark were murdered by Chicago police. Thirteen year-old Dwight Vinson was shot in the back by a Minneapolis pig. Twenty year-old Keith Barnes was murdered by an off-duty pig in St. Paul. Mel Dillon was beaten in the parking lot of the Minneapolis Council of Churches in the presence of a dozen or so witnesses. Dillon was one of the eight acquitted on the Plymouth Avenue pig fiasco. With every incident, tension among project workers heightened; demands for an opportunity to strike back were made. Still, the work went on almost without interruption, not because the dead were forgotten, but because the workers saw themselves building the organizational structure from which would spring an effective liberation struggle.

"Thousands upon thousands of martyrs have heroically laid down their lives for the people; let us hold their banner high and march ahead along the path crimson with their blood.
Chairman Mao

"You may kill off all our leaders, but you will never stop us from struggling for our liberation. For our leaders only give voice to the aspirations of us all.
Matthew Eubanks
New People's Union

The work went on. As the violence became more blatant, a guard was posted on the office and the store twenty-four hours per day. The first arson attempt came in January, when someone tried to set fire to the store. Guard duty was doubled, with everyone working close to twenty hours per day. In mid-February, the old house next door to the store that had served as office, and source of electricity for light, power tools, etc. was burned to a shell. The work went on, with generators serving as power sources until the electrical systems in the store were completed.

The process of political education went on all the time, though not in any formal way. The People's store was not developed simply as an exercise in economic development. Eubanks and Bass hoped that the completion of the store could be an effective demonstration to the community of the power of visible black militancy. The employees of the store were being welded into a tightly knit collective of workers whose political sophistication and organizational togetherness would permit them to become a cadre of leaders for the new "black nation" concept that would grow from the creation of the store. To this end, seven and eight year-olds were hired and trained as organizers (they are very good). Every construction worker in the collective went out into the community to talk to the people about the building that was going up. Rap sessions generally focussed on political theory and strategy for developing the new black nation (there was nothing boring or tedious about these sessions). Every person in the collective was consciously becoming a part of an organized effort which will liberate their people.

There was finally a point in the work when the project began to take shape. The artist brought in a model of stencilled facial figures of black heroes that were to be painted on the walls. The painting was done, the ceiling tile put in, the linoleum laid on the floor. The heating and plumbing were in operation. The shelves were set up, the lights went on, and the stock began to roll in. The formal opening is set for May 1st.

"The support we have received from the black community is fantastic, and reaffirms my faith that we as militants, are in fact supported by our people. Old blacks in the community come up to us in the store telling us to carry on the struggle. We will never be isolated again."
Matthew Eubanks
New Peoples Union

COMMUNITY CONTROL

free services

While one corner of the University power-structure is busy maligning the Cedar-Riverside Community Union ("a bunch of self-appointed trouble-makers") another University agency is entering into close cooperation with the Union for the purpose of opening a community-controlled, comprehensive health center. In a few weeks this new "Proximity Center" will be operating out of Riverside Church, on a sort of barter system. That means that, while all services are free of charge and open to everyone (non-students as well as students), it is hoped that people who can do so will contribute their skills and energies to the center. As usual, the Community Union insists on complete community control of this facility (which will include medical, dental, psychiatric, and veterinary services). This non-negotiable principle has been accepted by the West Bank Student Union (the University Agency behind the project), and by the staff of the proposed center.

Meanwhile, Union representatives are pushing its bid to be recognized by the Housing and Redevelopment Authority as an official Project Area Committee. Although the usual bureaucratic hassles make this recognition a slow process, there is no serious objection on HRA's part. That means that the Union will soon have an official voice in the planning for the area. It remains to be seen how effective or strong that voice can become within the structure. But the Union is not committed to working only within the structure (which is, after all, erected to serve the interests of the powerful); the Union is committed to use every means necessary to put the control of the land and its development into the hands of the people.

NOTICE OF COMMUNITY COUNCIL MEETING

Members of the Cedar-Riverside Community Union Council (and anyone else who 's interested will meet this coming Sunday afternoon (May 3, 2:30 p.m.) at Steve and Joyce Parliament's house, 701-19th Ave. S.

STRUGGLE FOR ALTERNATIVES!

What is a free school? Is it a place to learn how to read and write? Is it a total learning experience? (What's dat?) Is it a sanctuary to be with your friends, fuck off and hide from the man.

Any school tries to teach pupils how to solve problems. In a public school we learn how to deal with the problem of snow in the arctic circle and the price of sand in the Sahara Desert. In a free school people learn how to deal with Donald Dayton, the cop on the corner, the Welfare worker and your P. O. (Probation Officer). Obviously to solve the problems that arise in dealing with each other and with dealing with the system, there must be some sort of a basis of communication. (Reading and Writing? Yeah. Reading, Writing and Rapping.) I mean, like it helps if you can tell your P. O. to get fucked without saying "Get Fucked." (If you've ever had your jaw-jacked by someone twice your size, cause you had a "foul mouth," you have to know what I mean.

TOTAL LEARNING EXPERIENCE. You kind of learn when to come down on something to its face and fight it eyeball to eyeball. When to hit in the back and run. When to love someone and expect love back, or when to love someone and not expect love back because he is human. You also learn how the military, Housing and Urban Development, race and sex oppression affect your life (and fuck it up more).

Okay, now you kind of have an idea of what I think a free school should be, or at least what Freedom House could be like. But during the bebinning of the school year two major cliques developed. One group of about ten kids and the staff were trying to deal with the problems they faced: the pigs, etc. The other group came to be with their friends, get a free lunch and fuck in the back room. As the year progressed the isolation of the two groups became deeper and more apparent. It was really a heavy scene because not more than five minutes of rapping could go on before someone got pissed.

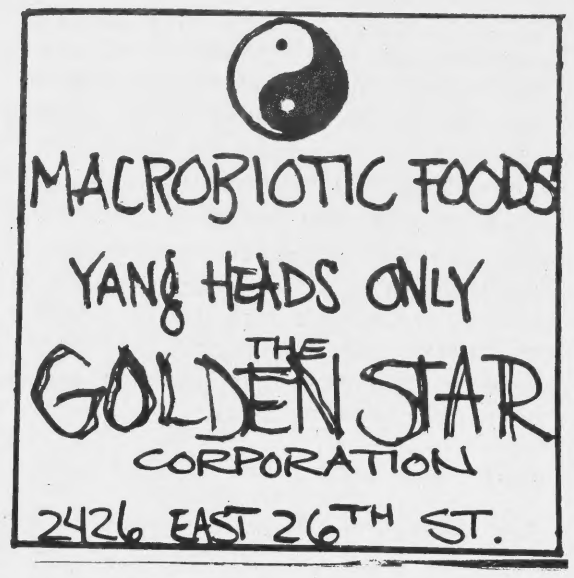
During the Christmas break the staff was trying to find a way to form a cohesive problem - solving group.

One way was to turn the kids on with a social problem that they faced every day, such as pollution, welfare, the courts, etc. This did not work. Why, I don't know, but maybe, when shit is thrown at you by something that is rather hard to hit back at (such as the Gross National Product) all you want to do is duck so it don't hit you. Other ways were to sort of require kids to go to class or if they didn't, to at least tell the "teachers" why they weren't coming. This idea came in Jan., and by that time, a clicque had developed among the kids to the point where it was strong enough to do whatever it wanted to, despite efforts of the staff.

Another way that was suggested but not tried, was that we kick the kids out who were not putting anything into the school. From that point we could work the people who were giving something into a problem-solving collective. Then after this group had been formed, one at a time kids could be brought into the school and they would naturally fit into that environment because as human being, they would see a better alternative to something they were experiencing.

This split does bad things to your head and hampers you from dealing with the problems.

(Note: These problems are still being worked out. All of the kids are off on a tour of the Southwest and they are beginning to think and act as a collective. The above notes are important in that they demonstrate the kind of in-group criticism necessary to build an educational collective.)



barnyard...

continued from page 2

til Friday. The Mpls. Police and the Sheriff's office have staged open arguements in court over the question of who will perform the sticky task of removing the Occupation from their buildings.

What is appearing is not the benevolence of the guardians of property but the growing decay and de-legitimization of their power. It's as if Nixon blessed the Viet Cong's confiscation of Standard Oil's refinary in Vietnam. What other principle than socialism could possibly be used to justify this action?

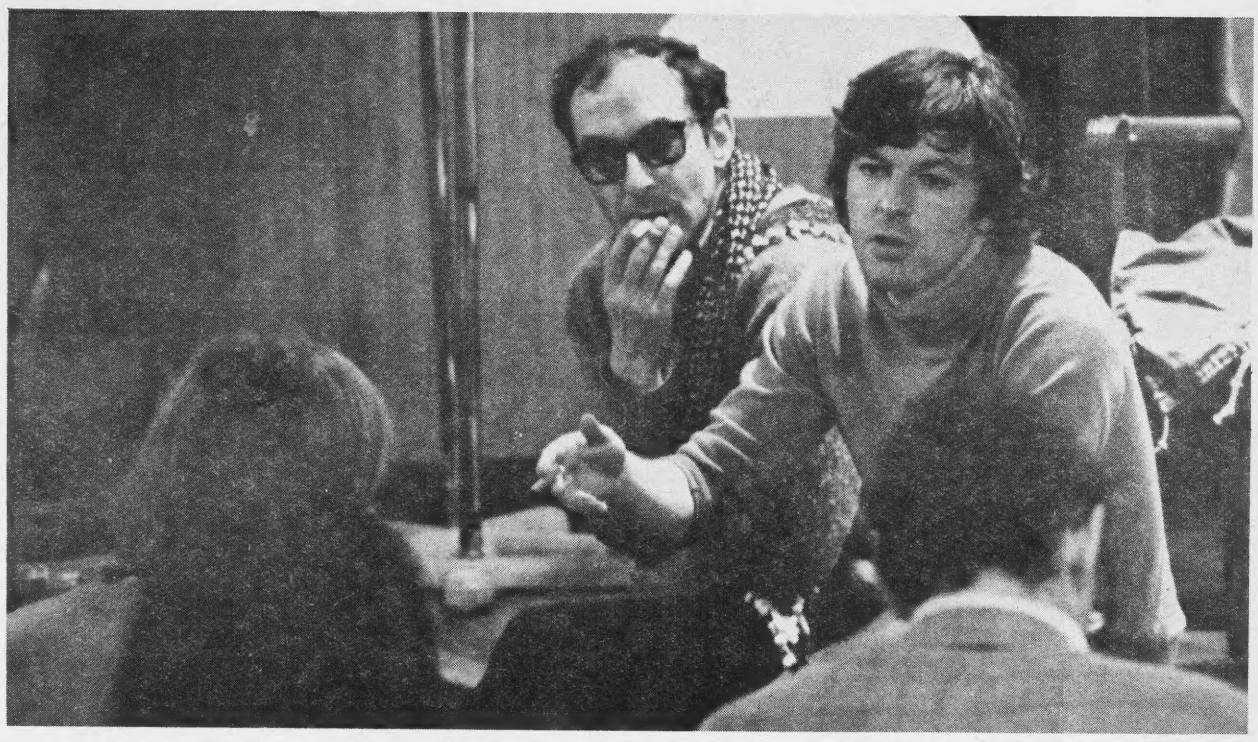
The problem with the so-called "revolutionary" movement in Mpls. is that it is blind. We don't claim to stand outside that condemnation. We romanticize the French workers' occupation of a factory and declare it the most revolutionary act of the decade. When something similar happens in our own back-yard, we can't recognize it for what it is. A red flag even flies over our buildings. Our error apparently is that we don't have a good "revolutionary" Public relations man. We don't have the right "consciousness" or some other bullshit.

The working class did not expect miracles from the Commune. They have no ready-made utopias to introduce par decret du Peuple. They know that in order to work out their own emancipation and along with it that higher form to which present society is irresistibly tending by its own economic agencies, they will have to pass through long struggles, through a series of historical processes, transforming circumstances and men. They have no ideals to realise, but to set free the elements of the new society with which old bourgeois society itself is pregnant. In the full consciousness of their historic mission and with the historic resolve to act up to it, the working class can afford to smile at the coarse invective of the gentlemen's gentlemen with the pen and inkhorn, and at the didactic patronage of well-wishing bourgeois-doctrinaires, pouring forth their ignorant platitudes and sectarian crotchets in the oracular tone of scientific infallibility.

Karl Marx, The Civil War in France

Let everyone play their little games. Our's is the festival of the opressed, a modest effort which is acculumating over 200 people to the necissity of socialist revolution. Over these five buildings, state power holds no sway. We are disorganized, confused, afraid and ultimately impotent in the face of capitalism, but we have tasted what it will be like. We have more wisdom than a thousand revolutionary theoreticians combined.

- fantasy by J'Bo



Sounds...

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Spanish Civil War, German Socialist songs, British songs from the General Strike. The bloody hand, our little friend, makes it across the ground to a fallen red flag and hoists it into the wind. More paper Union Jacks appear, split most phallicly by upraised fists, while a calendar of British student uprisings is read like a litany. The end.

The sequences are punctuated by Godard's characteristic rubrics, chapter titles, running heads, whatever you can call those handwritten placards. Here they deal with women's liberation, difficulty, frustration, revolutionary integrity.

But what are we to do with it? We didn't have to see this film to know a) that Bourgeois Capitalism exploits workers and turns women's bodies into commodities, perverting their sexuality and crippling their minds, or b) that young people who are committed to a revolutionary cause are prettier, more exciting, morally more splendid and just nicer than tight-assed Little Englanders or workers who intellectualize their oppression instead of acting to end it.

And even supposing an audience that does need British Sounds to learn that, it does not do it all that well. When it's simple, it's dull, and when it isn't simple it's incomprehensible. We can see the film maker struggling to avoid the pits of bourgeois art; he grits his teeth and refuses to engage our emotions to make his task easier; he will not give a complex problem the appearance of simplicity; he will assault our senses with sound we must strain to hear and cannot ever understand, with visual movement so slowed that our nerves ache to speed it along, with monochromes so dry our eyes feel thirsty. And we can dig it, we're with him, we want him to strip us of our customary responses. We want to learn from him. But we've got to have more nourishment than he gives us. His struggle to liberate his art has made him stingy.

So all we can do with this film of his is to note its passing, one more skin sloughed off on the road to a true revolutionary cinema. Or maybe what we can do is start our own film collective . . . which is maybe the real lesson on the blackboard.

by Martha Roth

KOACH AND THE KIDS

THE LAST WEEK has made a lot of things clear. We need to get ourselves together. We've got to learn to play and work out together. We need affinity groups. (What's that?) Affinity groups are groups of people who know how to move together--like teams; like baseball teams; like softball, slow-pitch, 16" teams.

We (the underground flowers) think the Honeywell Project made a lot of chicken-shit mistakes last Tuesday and we think we could whip their asses in a 16" softball game. We went to their action and I stayed outside 'representing the Phillipines' and my brother went inside as some kind of proxy. We were split up and we couldn't get it together.

O.K. So how about trying it our way for once. We challenge the Honeywell Project to a slow pitch softball game Sunday, May 10th at Powderhorn Park. We'll bring the bats and ball. If you're serious about affinity groups and serious about revolution and serious about getting together then you should be serious about softball.

AS A TENTATIVE SCHEDULE, we hope to play SDS, YSA and the Dinkytown Occupation. I hope the Womens' Liberation groups can come up with a couple of teams, too.

A 16" team has 10 players (baseball's usual nine plus a short center fielder). The teams should be composed of men and women. You don't need mitts. And after the last batter is retired, maybe we can have a picnic and rap.

See you next Sunday. Get in shape and let's play ball.

Movin' Toward Solutions

by Dan Mac Leod

We've got a problem with the way we think. We think in terms of problems to be solved. We are crisis-oriented.

This has been the beauty of Western thought. We've been able to take a complex problem,narrow it down, disregard most of its related aspects, solve it, and hope things come out right. Usually, however, we forget a lot of things which should have been taken into account, and we get an ecological backlash creating more problems than have been solved.

Take for example Egypt which was (and still is) facing famine. The Western solution was to build a dam to irrigate more land for food production.
So the dam was built by the Russians in the manner of the "developed" nations. But the Aswan dam has already begun filling up with silt. You remember how you learned in fourth grade that Egypt became the birthplace of civilization because the flooding Nile made rich arable land? Well, that life-producing flooding has been stopped. The sardine fishing industry has been destroyed by killing the phytoplankton the sardines feed on, hunger has increased because of the disrupted crop planting seasons, a new disease (a fluke that thrives in large bodies of warm, still water) has arrived.

There was a crisis in Egypt and it was "solved" by traditional thinking. It boomaranged.

Environmental activists are telling the world that it is in a serious crisis; we are facing an immense problem (extinction) which needs to be solved. As one member of a liberal anti-pollution group put it during the Teach-In: "I want a NOW answer to this terrible crisis."

Solutions to this crisis resulting from traditional thinking will probably make us want to have the problem back again. *What is needed is a holistic, organic approach to creating a new culture rather than the chaotic problem solving approach that we now have.*

This can be stated as such but an American can have little idea of what it means; we have neither the words or the concepts to provide a guideline for approaching problems organically. We might ask ourselves how a Buddhist would approach problem solving. (Or would he even approach it?)

A starting point: to erase forever the word "solution", and rely on the concept of coping, not solving. There are no solutions, only manipulations and conditions which evolve. We can only cope with problems of immense complesity, doing our best now and dealing with unforseen consequences later. There is much stumbling to be done. Living an ecologically sound life is a matter of faith with present knowledge and thought.

Ecology teaches us to look at the total system before we affect a part of the system. We will be better off in the long run if we begin with the premise that there are no simplistic solutions.

This is not to say that we should not start working on the problem; it is to say that there are too many neo-Chicken Littles running around screaming about this crisis and that crisis, and looking for NOW solutions and instant relief.

Many radical environmentalists are embracing the molasses approach: minimal rushing about, trying to take a total view, thinking of making the slow preparations for the attitudes, skills, and memories people will have 30 years from now. As one leader of a national radical ecology group put it: "Survival' isn't a good enough reason for our activity. In the end of days what spiritual strength will a man have who believes only in progress and man? Through the frantic pace and distraction of our age we would flow like a slow molasses. The human species will one day disappear, and if we rush to grab at solutions to postpone the end of days, we forget to live the best life we can in the time we have together."

by Betty Boop

Composting is the best way to fertilize your garden. And the fastest way to do a good compost is to do the 14 day compost. The important part of the 14 day composting is the shredding or grinding of all material that is going to be composted.

Tearing apart your compost material is good because the surface area where microorganisms can grow is increased, and it also has less tendency to mat down. There is, then, more control of moisture, and it is easier to turn.

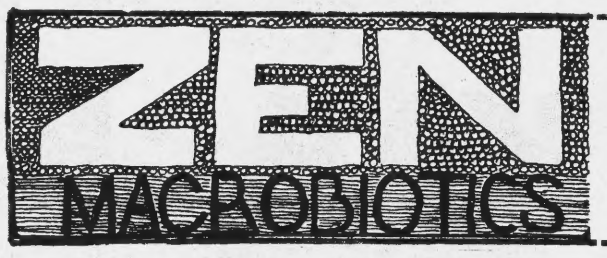
All your food waste should be piled in piles no higher than five feet. After the 3rd day turn your compost heap over at repeated two or three day intervals. After the 12th to 14th day your compost should be sufficiently decayed for use on the soil.

Here is a list of good composting materials: leaves, hay, saw dust, wood wastes, garden residues (any plant remains) peanut hulls, tobacco butts and wastes, grass clippings, sewage sludge, garbage, brewery wastes (spent hops of hops), leather dust, nut shells and coffee grounds.

It is also wise to wet your compost heap every once in a while to keep it alive and healthy.

When you're ready to put it on, turn your soil thoroughly and then lay it on thick.

YOU GET WHAT YOU GIVE.



by Gayle and Daniel Weber

Macrobiotics is the way of eating and drinking most common to the Zen Buddhist monastaries in Japan. It is called Syozin Ryori, the cooking which develops the supreme judgement.

It is fundamental to the 5,000 year-old philosophy, taught by Confucius, Buddha and others, which enabled Easterners to live in relative peace for thousands of years.

It restores the health and harmony of soul, mind and body that are essential for joyful living.

THIS JOYFULNESS IS defined by Ohsawa as:

Joyfulness resulting from healthful longevity,

Freedom from worry about money,

An instinctive capacity to avoid accidents and difficulties that would cause early death,

A realization of the infinite universe, and

A comprehension of the fact that one must be last in order to be first forever.

Macrobiotics is the practical technique for this happiness which you must and can find for yourself through a simple diet. Schools are unnecessary, they are the makers of slaves and the slave mentality is the cause of misery and unhappiness.

Here's a recipe that was one of Edgar Cayce's favorites:

CRISP ALFALFA SPROUT TOSS

2 cups finely cut celery
1 cup sprouted alfalfa
1 cup raisins
2 carrots, grated

Mix ingredients thoroughly and when ready to serve, make a "dent" in top of salad to fill with generous amounts of thick yogurt or sour cream.

May Day belongs to the people... Throughout the world it is celebrated as the day of solidarity with the working class. We are all members of the working class. Why don't we celebrate May Day? There was a time when America did. In fact, it was in America that the tradition of May Day began, back in the nineteenth century. But in the twenties, after the Russian Revolution, American businessmen felt that participation in this international holiday might lead workers to dangerous conclusions. To avoid this they created Labor Day, a nondescript day for a constantly changing date in September. When they stole this holiday from our lives they robbed us of our cultural heritage.

We are now busy creating a new culture, and in doing so we are reclaiming those parts of our lives that have been buried by selfish businessmen fearful of their own interests.

Another very American tradition is the smoking of the Peace Pipe. This is how the Indians first greeted the white newcomers to this continent. It is easy to see how this tradition also could seem dangerous to American businessmen.

Marijuana, the substance smoked in the Peace Pipe, is a holy sacrament when freely shared in communion with your brothers. Many thousands of our brothers and sisters are rotting in jails for so-called "marijuana crimes." White Panther, John Sinclair is doing 10 years for possession of two joints. Brother Tim Leary has received sentences totalling 20 years for one joint. Today, we the 20 million or more "dope smokers" in this country are serving notice on the government that THIS CULTURAL GENOCIDE MUST BE STOPPED IMMEDIATELY.

This May Day is the beginning of our coming together.

NORMAN MAILER, in *Armies of the Night,* calls Jerry Rubin "the most militant, unpredictable, creative — therefore dangerous — hippie-oriented leader available on the New Left."

DO IT!
Jerry Rubin
Introduction by ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

In **DO IT!,** Jerry Rubin has written the most important political statement made by a white revolutionary in America today. It is *The Communist Manifesto* of our era and as a handbook for American revolutionaries must be compared to Che Guevara's *Guerrilla Warfare.*

DO IT! is a Declaration of War between the generations — calling on kids to raise a new society upon the ashes of the old.

DO IT! is a prose poem singing the inside saga of the movement; it is a frenzied emotional symphony for a new social disorder; a comic book for seven-year-olds; a tribute to insanity.

Eldridge Cleaver has written an introduction to it and Quentin Fiore has designed the book with more than 100 pictures, cartoons and mind-zaps.

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